"Bloody Antietam" Checked General Lee's First Invasion of North

Charge and Recharge Surged O'er the Trampled Field Where Dead Lay Piled Like Corn.

THE battle of Antietam Creek, or Sharpsburg, as the Confederates called it, fought on September 17, 1862, was a tactical victory for McClellan and the Army of the Potomac, for it was followed by the return of Lee toward the South. It gave President Lincoln the opportunity he wished for issuing the historic Emancipation Proclamation.

Following upon the second battle of Bull Run, Lee, ever ready to take advantage of an opportunity, decided to press forward into Maryland. The people of that state, he gathered from such reports as he received, were suffering dire oppression at the hands of the Union and ripe for joining the Confederacy if only they had a deliverer and half a chance. Much would be gained if the connection with the West by way of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad could be cut.

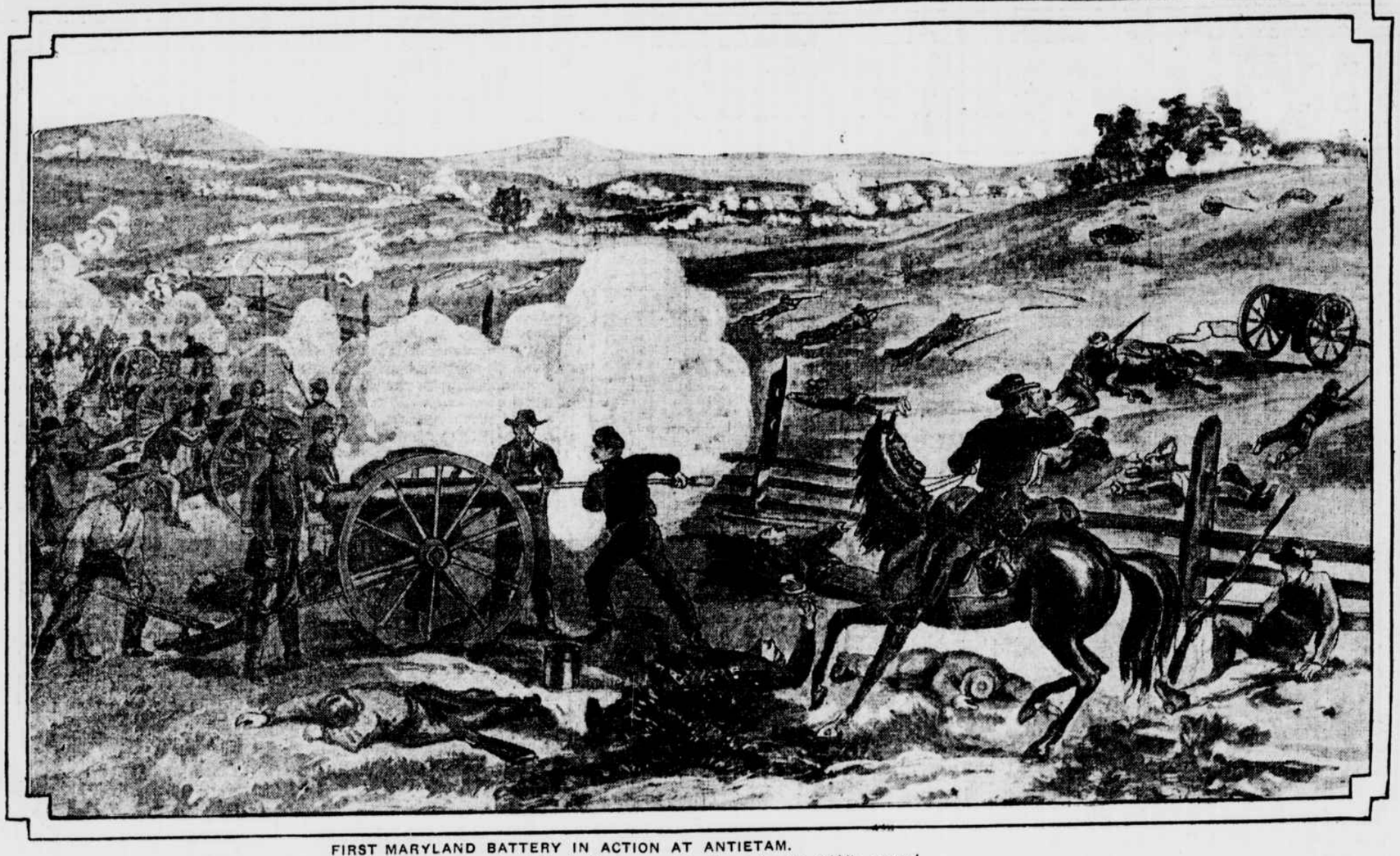
He dreamed of reaching Harrisburg and there destroying the long Pennsylvania Railroad bridge across the Susquehanna. This could not be replaced quickly, and the Great Lakes would be the only other Northern route joining the East and the West. Then he could swing in the direction of Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington, as circumstances suggested. Moreover, it was a temptation to take his army through a region overflowing with fatness, for the Confederate soldier could hardly be expected to be a good fighter on an empty stomach.

Having permitted those who were without shoes to turn back, Lee took perhaps forty thousand soldiers over the Potomac near Leesburg between September 4 and 7 and encamped near Frederick. The army was made up of the commands of Longstreet and "Stonewall" Jackson.

It reached Frederick on a Saturday. On the following day "Stonewall" Jackson went into town and, following his usual custom on a Sunday, attended a religious service. It is reported that, as usual, he also fell asleep, doubtless from the fatigue of his arduous toil, and did not hear the prayers uttered by the clergyman for the Union cause, prayers which, under the circumstances, were not so great a demonstration of courage as the dominie was afterward credited with having exhibited.

It required only two days for Lee to discover that Maryland was not so thoroughly enthralled as to be in search of a deliverer from the horrible Yankees and to learn that Harper's Ferry would not drop into his lap like an overripe pear. The possession of Harper's Ferry was essential to the success of his plans, for it stood at the gateway to the Shenandoah Valley, upon which he depended for his route of communication with Richmond and the South. Relying upon McClellan's slowness of action and believing that Harper's Ferry was under McClellan's command, he counted upon the prompt evacuation of that place by its garrison of more than twelve thousand men. It was under the control of General Halleck, and had received orders to stick to the last gun. It was necessary to detach a force at least as great as that of the garrison, and "Stonewall" Jackson was detailed to perform the task of capturing the place.

On Tuesday, September 9, General Lee issued an order giving directions to Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker as to the parts they were to play in the taking of the Union garrison at Harper's Ferry. This has become celebrated as the "Lost Order." It detailed in precise form the position, at its date, of every portion of the Confederate army and their movements for the next five or six days. Possessed of the information it contained, McClellan would have been able by prompt action to attack Lee's army, cut almost in two by the detachment of troops to take Harper's Ferry, before this detachment could accomplish its purpose and return to his assistance.



FIRST MARYLAND BATTERY IN ACTION AT ANTIETAM.
The valley of the creek on whose western bank the battle occurred is shown in the middle ground.
(Reprinted from "Harper's Weekly" through the courtesy of the publishers.)

General Walker was so impressed with the disastrous consequences which might follow the loss of this order that he pinned it inside his coat, and General Longstreet memorized the order and "chewed it up," as he remarked afterward. The three bodies of troops were to march toward the ferry by different routes. That of Jackson was toward the west, passing through Frederick, over the Catoctin Mountains and through the gap in South Mountain, beyond. Then he was to swing around toward Harper's Ferry in such a way as to get control of the federal garrison at Martinsburg—

> Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
> Clear on that cool September morn
> The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
> Deep walled by the hills of Maryland.
>
> Up the street came the Rebel tread,
> Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

That part of Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" describing Jackson's departure for Harper's Ferry is correct. The incident nearest in character to that described occurred in the village of Middletown, on the other side of the Catoctin Mountains, where two very pretty girls with red, white and blue ribbons floating from their hair and small Union flags in their hands rushed from a house as Jackson approached and, running down to the curbstone, laughingly waved their flags defiantly in his face.

Jackson bowed, raised his hat and, turning with a trace of a smile to his staff, remarked: "We evidently have no friends in this town." There were no shots fired through the flag. Perhaps he would have treated Barbara Frietchie that way if she had stuck her head out of the window as she is described as doing.

The various detachments of troops were to be in the places assigned to them on the mountain sides around the picturesque gorge in which Harper's Ferry lies on September 12. It was September 13 before Jackson reached the station which he was to take in order to complete the investment of the place.

McClellan did not wait for Lee to get into Pennsylvania, as the latter thought he would. He set off promptly from Washington with a great army in numbers, approximately twice Lee's whole force when united. It marched by three parallel routes, with a baggage train which would have extended fifty miles if it had been stretched out on a single road. It rushed across the country at the rate of about six miles a day. Lee had crossed over the mountains to Boonsboro.

On September 13, when McClellan reached Frederick, which had so recently been occupied by Lee's army, luck overtook the Union general. The 27th Indiana Volunteers, which reached the village at noon that day, stacked arms on the ground occupied by General D. H. Hill's division the evening before. While a private of this regiment was walking over the ground shortly after stacking arms his eye fell upon three cigars wrapped in a piece of paper. He picked the packet up and, unwrapping the cigars, found that the covering was an order signed by Colonel Chilton, General Lee's adjutant general. It was a copy of the order which Longstreet had deemed so precious that he "chewed it up" rather than run the risk of its falling into the hands of McClellan.

The order was soon in the hands of McClellan, and he now knew Lee's plans as well as did any of Lee's own generals. Lee's army was split in two and Harper's Ferry had not yet capitulated. In fact, at that hour Jackson was only beginning his investment. It looked like a great opportunity to destroy Lee's army and save Harper's Ferry simultaneously.

McClellan's advance had reached Frederick the day before in season to have a little brush with the rear guard of Lee's army, under General Wade Hampton. In the course of the melée Colonel Moor, a Union officer, stung to desperation by the impertinent criticism of a young staff officer from the corps headquarters, had charged off in the direction of the Confederate rear guard. He was captured and carried off. This incident played an interesting and perhaps important part in the battle of South Mountain.

Within an hour after the finding of Lee's order McClellan's army was moving toward South Mountain on Lee's trail. McClellan, however, did not take advantage of his information to send off any troops for the direct relief of Harper's Ferry. The other branch of Lee's army, two days' march from Harper's Ferry, was itself split into two parts, thirteen miles from each other.

Catoctin and South mountains are spurs of the Blue Ridge extending northward and separated by Middletown Valley, a depression six or eight miles wide. The turnpikes leading toward Hagerstown and Sharpsburg pass over South Mountain by Turner's Gap and Fox's Gap, notches in the mountain from two hundred to three hundred feet lower than the crest, which in turn is approximately thirteen hundred feet above the floor of the valley. About half way between these gaps and the gap by means of which the Potomac breaks through the Blue Ridge at Harper's Ferry is another notch, styled Crampton's Gap. This opening through the mountain wall was perhaps four miles in the rear of the Confederate troops, on the Maryland heights, overlooking Harper's Ferry. A Union force passing through it could easily cut across the line of communication between Lee and Jackson.

West of Harper's Ferry the course of the Potomac swings around toward the north, parallel to and only a few miles from South Mountain. Through the centre of this strip of inclosed rolling country Antietam Creek flows southward, emptying into the Potomac. On the western slope of the modest valley of the Antietam stood the village of Sharpsburg. It was on this slope and around this village that the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, raged. Unaware that plans of his campaign had fallen into the hands of the enemy, Lee, a half of whose army was just west of the gaps and the other half at Harper's Ferry, was hoping to bag Harper's Ferry and unite his forces before McClellan could come upon him. It was absolutely necessary for him to guard the gaps in the mountains and hold the Union army back at these points, if possible.

On the morning of September 14 Union forces were discovered to be approaching Turner's and Fox's gaps. Troops were posted, for Lee's large wagon train had to be protected from capture at all hazards. The battle of South Mountain, or Boonsboro, began fairly early in the morning. Neither side knew just what the other side was planning to do. The Confederates were so agile in their movements between one gap and the other that the Federals did not get through in the morning.

GENERAL THOMAS J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON.
It was in the Antietam campaign that General Jackson rode through Frederick, Md., on his way to Harper's Ferry, an incident which furnished the basis for Whittier's famous but inaccurate poem, "Barbara Frietchie." Jackson took Harper's Ferry, with more than 12,000 prisoners, and his troops reached Lee at Sharpsburg in time to stay the Union tide on the banks of the Antietam.

Burnside's Gallant Men Held Won Ground, and in the End Confederate Hopes Were Shattered.

Early that day General Cox, who had command of a portion of the forces, was crossing Catoctin Creek, a stream in the Middletown Valley, when he was surprised by seeing Colonel Moor standing at the edge of the road. General Cox, astonished, rode up to him and asked how he came there. He said that after his capture at Frederick he had been taken beyond the mountain and then paroled. He was now finding his way back again. "But where are you going?" he asked of General Cox. In response to General Cox's reply that a reconnoissance was to be made in the gap he involuntarily started and exclaimed: "My God! Be careful." Then he suddenly checked himself, remarking, "But I am paroled!"

A hint to the wise was sufficient, and General Cox prepared for any emergency. The morning fights were chiefly at Fox's Gap. At that point General Cox repulsed two different Confederate forces, General Garland, in command of one brigade, being killed. Cox, however, was cautious and did not pass through the gap whose portal he had won, but fell back to await reinforcements. In the mean time Confederate reinforcements also came up, and in the afternoon at 2 o'clock, Cox having received the fresh troops he wished, moved forward again. At about the same time Longstreet came up with more Confederate troops. The last severe engagement began at about 3 p. m. at both gaps and continued until after dark.

In the course of the fighting General Jesse L. Reno, a Union officer of great ability, was killed and Colonel Hayes, afterward President of the United States, was wounded. The battle of South Mountain began as a reconnoissance on the part of the Union army, and before the day was over each side had introduced enough troops to make it a battle. More than 23,000 men were involved on the Union side and between 10,000 and 15,000 on the Confederate—all who could be brought forward. Although the Union army had secured an advanced position, it did not attempt to go down the mountain on the other side until the morning mists had risen, when it was discovered that the enemy, having saved its baggage train by the persistent struggle of the day before, had moved on. Lee, who had been urged to concentrate his troops at Sharpsburg, as that would give the portion of his army at Hagerstown an opportunity to meet him half way instead of being obliged to go the whole way with a loss of time, moved back across the Antietam toward that place.

On the same day that the battle of South Mountain took place Major General Franklin reached Crampton's Gap and carried it with a magnificent charge up through the steep mountain pass in the face of a hot fire delivered from behind stone walls. Owing to the moderate speed with which Franklin's corps had been moved forward under McClellan's orders, when his troops passed down through the pass on the morning of September 15 they were too late to succor the beleaguered garrison of Harper's Ferry, not more than half a dozen miles away. Comparatively early that morning the whole force and supplies at the ferry were surrendered to Jackson.

The fruits of Jackson's quickly realized victory at that point were 12,520 prisoners, 13,000 arms, 73 pieces of artillery and several hundred wagons. The supplies of clothing were welcomed by the Confederate troops, and some of the Confederates appeared in the battle of Antietam wearing the Federal uniforms which had come into their possession. Jackson had accomplished his errand again without Federal interference, despite the fact that Lee's lost order had fallen into McClellan's hands two days previously. Would he be able to join Lee before McClellan's big army should reach and attack it? Not a moment was to be lost. No sooner had the surrender been assured than Jackson's army was off for Sharpsburg, crossing the Potomac at the ford at Shepherdstown, a town in the rear of Lee's position.

Lee had taken up his position along the western slope of the Antietam Creek. On the afternoon of September 15 General McClellan and his army came up to the crest of the eastern slope overlooking the creek and the village of Sharpsburg lying among the fields on the other side. As McClellan and his officers walked along the hillside discussing the position of the enemy, the prospect that lay spread out before them was a pleasing one. Immediately in front the Antietam wound through the hollow, the hills rising gently on either side. In the background, on the left of the centre, could be seen the roofs of Sharpsburg. Below the village were fields inclosed by stone fences. At the right, to the north of the village, the green of a piece of woodland styled the West Wood was visible. A little white brick Dunker church, the gift of a man named Mumma, and therefore called St. Mumma's in some of the Confederate reports, stood out clear cut against the foliage of this wood.

Further to the right and left were wooded ridges, with open fields between. Across the creek below were several bridges—one on the extreme right, two rather close together in the centre—over the lower one of which the road from South Mountain crossed to Sharpsburg. A short distance below was a fourth bridge, which has been called Burnside's bridge, because of the gallant charge which soldiers of Burnside's corps made across it in the face of a hot enfilading fire. This is the arched bridge usually seen in the pictures illustrating the battle of Antietam. The slope on the west side of the creek was to be the battlefield, and the little Dunker church, its white walls shining out against the dark woods like Christian purity in a dark and dreary world was to be one of the centres of the fighting.

General McClellan's plan of attack, so far as he had one, was that of beginning at the left end and working along the entire length of Lee's line toward the south. The fact that the troops of McLaws, Anderson, A. P. Hill and Walker had not arrived from Harper's Ferry when he reached Antietam did not serve to hasten his movements. On the afternoon of September 16 Hooker's corps was sent across the creek by two fords and the most northerly of the bridges, and about sunset became engaged with some of Hood's troops. In the course of the night Mansfield's corps crossed over near the same point. That same afternoon a portion of Jackson's troops reached the scene from Harper's Ferry.

The morning of September 17 dawned fresh and fair. Hooker's troops were on the alert early, and before sunrise began the terrible contest. The first contact was in a cornfield to the north of the Dunker church. The field was made famous by the fighting that took place that morning among the towering stalks of prize corn which covered the ground. Hooker had purposed to take the little church on the hillock beyond the cornfield. The field contained perhaps thirty acres, and was filled with Confederates, whose bayonets glinted in the morning sun among the shining leaf spears of the rustling corn. Five or six Union batteries loaded with canister were turned on the field simultaneously, and within the space of a few minutes every stalk in the northern and

Continued on seventh page.

Martine Says He Has Plenty to Do in Reducing Cost of Living

New Jersey's Farmer Senator Expects to Accomplish "a Great Deal for the People."

By James B. Morrow.

WHEN he is at home, if the train is on time and the real estate agents are telling the truth, James E. Martine—pronounced Marteen—is forty minutes from Wall Street. Politically and functionally, the distance is immeasurable. Ethically, too, no doubt. And yet Mr. Martine, enemy of speculation, foeman of trusts, is a Senator of the United States. Then why should Kansas, half way across the continent, ever be in doubt!

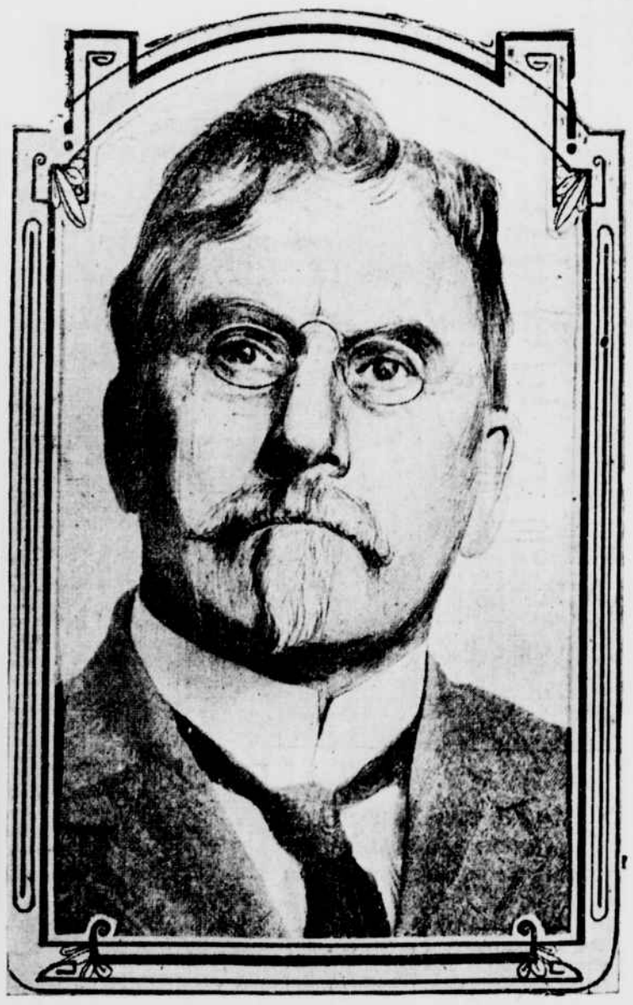
Stranger than his geography, or his extreme views, however, is Mr. Martine's employment. He is a farmer, he declares, and ploughs in his fields and sows his crops within the zone and even the shadow of the octopus. Under the guns of the fortress of money, one can say, he garners that which he grows and lives in security. Also he runs for office.

"How many times were you a candidate," I asked him, "before you were chosen by the electorate?"

"In reply to your question," he said, "I want you to understand that I never took a nomination because I hoped to benefit myself. I should have despised James E. Martine if that had been his aim. My purpose from first to last was to represent and elucidate Democratic principles. So I answer: Four times for the New Jersey House of Representatives; four times for the New Jersey Senate; once for the mayoralty of Plainfield, and three times for a seat in Congress. Also, I was up twice, no, thrice, before our state convention for the gubernatorial nomination. Whenever I ran, let me say, I reduced the Republican plurality, cutting it for Congress on one occasion from 5,000 to 500 votes."

To courage and zeal, therefore, must be added pertinacity. Undisheartened, Mr. Martine kept on talking and elucidating. Finally, amid the smoke of factories, the vapor of mills and the flare of forges, furnaces, and potteries—with no one expecting it, not even his friends—he rhetoricated himself into one of the highest and choicest honors of his commonwealth. A self-seeker might have invented or appropriated a new and seductive issue or have changed his politics. A quitter would have returned to his plough and pruning hook. Thus around Plainfield and elsewhere in New Jersey, persons who know James E. Martine have said that he is an honest and persistent man. Honest, but unsound. Amiable, but impracticable. Eloquent, but harmless. And ever pleading for what he calls "the people's rule."

Many outrages have been committed in the name of the people—outrages of blood and property. But Martine, in the judgment of his neighbors, big voiced and nervously active, a kindly character, was not dangerous. Predatory wealth regarded him as the entertaining comedian of local politics. The busy incorporators continued to incorporate. Water flowed into the stocks. Every wheel and every lever in the Democratic machine was working admirably. Then appeared Woodrow Wilson, theoretical, high flying and chimerical. He also glorified the people.



SENATOR JAMES E. MARTINE, OF NEW JERSEY.
(Copyright by Harris & Ewing.)

Princeton's president, commanding, attractive and able, elegant, suave and sagacious, was given the leadership of the "radicals," or, perhaps, he obtained it by force. So the farmer and the professor—a humorous pair in the eyes of "the interests" and party machinists—were brought into an eloquent and energetic brotherhood of efforts and ideas. The combination, commercially, was humorous. Politically it was ridiculous. Wilson stood for the governorship, Martine for the senatorship. Both were elected. To-day New Jersey, sanctuary of the barons of industry and of the hydraulic engineers of business, is almost as "progressive" in many of its statutes, just enacted, as Oregon or Australia.

The door of Senator Martine's office is always open. His voice can be heard in the corridor without. The Senator will stand up when a caller walks into his presence. Then he will invite you to sit down, having shaken your hand and asked your name and introduced you to his secretary, Mr. St. John.

You will see an erect and portly man, with tousled gray hair, gray mustache and imperial and lively gray eyes—a misty person in colorings, wearing a short coat, an unstarched shirt and a red necktie. Likewise you will discover a ready talker, one who makes acquaintances on his travels, one who will ask you to ride if he overtakes you in a buggy while you are walking in the road. I think he likes to tangle his hair, to pull it over his brow and rub it upward at the sides of his head. "Anyway," he will say, when he has the chance, "I am not a moral coward." Nor a physical coward, you will remark to yourself. James Smith, jr., the dethroned master of the Democracy of New Jersey, banker and millionaire leather maker, has learned both facts for himself.

Has "Always Had Convictions" and Delights in "Making Them Known to the Public."

"You have been battling forty-three years," I said, "for what you call 'the rule of the people.' Where did you get the idea?"

"Innately all men believe in the wisdom, justice and intelligence of the people," Senator Martine answered. "Things come into one's life, however, to change that perfectly natural and sound belief—money, for instance, and place. Our forefathers had faith in the people. The faith can be read in the Declaration of Independence. 'All political power is inherent in the people,' says the constitution of New Jersey—Section 2 and Article 1. Intelligence in the use of the power and moderation are thus confessed. I can't say when the belief began with me, any more than I can tell you why a lily is white or a bird sings in a tree. I do know, however, that my opinions were free and disinterested because I could hope for no political advantage in a Republican neighborhood and state.

"As time went on my convictions strengthened. Great sums of money, immense aggregations of wealth, were being used to lessen the participation of the people in their own government. I talked against such perversion of power and was called a radical. Indeed, I was radical enough twenty-five years ago to assert that Senators in Congress should be chosen directly by the voters and not be elected by the legislatures of the states. I preached that doctrine on the stump. No one else, so far as I could learn, was arguing that question then.

"I accepted the initiative and referendum when they came along. Now I go so far as to advocate the recall of our judges. As a young man—as a boy, rather—I saw and venerated the halo that was over every judge's head. A common lawyer, and often a mighty common one at that, would step out of the ranks of his profession on Election Day to take a place on the bench. Up went the halo at once. John Smith, if that were his name, had been suddenly set apart. Sanctification through the grace of the ballot box had made him so holy that he was beyond the ordinary infirmities of mankind and so learned that his heretofore uncertain word became the law of the land. Thus, when John Smith spoke there was nothing more to be said.

"The transmogrification perplexed me at first, after I began to think for myself, and then to stimulate my doubts. By and by I perceived the human character of our bench. In time I came to think that an ignorant judge or an unjust judge or a crooked judge ought to be driven from the office to which he brings discredit or disgrace. There would be nothing revolutionary or dangerous in the practice were it adopted. Decisions are frequently reversed or recalled by the higher courts; then why not recall the man? If the finding of a judge is held to be against the law, it is set aside by machinery provided for that purpose. The man himself, I think, should be thrown out of office if he is delinquent morally or distorts justice to some evil end.

"As I watch the development of our civilization, commercialized by our love of money, I more and more believe that the United States should get back to the people, where our government began. Men are now rapidly coming to that opinion. They are in both of our political parties and are known as progressives. In New Jersey the Camden & Amboy, a powerful confederacy of wealth, ruled our Legislature for half a century. It was succeeded by the Pennsylvania company, whose agents sat in the seats of our Senators and Representatives and whose lobbyists walked in and out, telling what laws should be enacted and what measures should be killed. I protested, and many persons said I was a revolutionist and a bigot. Nothing I have ever said, nothing I have ever done, politically, has caused me any regret. But when I became a candidate for the Senate scandalous stories were circulated concerning me."

"Tell me the worst," I said.

"That I would be a bull in a china shop if I ever got to Washington," Senator Martine seriously answered.

"Nevertheless," I ventured, "you were elected."

"I was, with the help of Woodrow Wilson."

"How much money did you spend?"

"Not a farthing, improperly."

"What do you hope to accomplish?"

"I am one man in almost a hundred, and an inexperienced man at that, but I hold the highest office in the world in its possibilities for doing good. The President of the United States gets more salary than a Senator, and is at the head of the nation, but he cannot accomplish much for humanity by his own action. He is penned up by the Constitution. Even when he appoints a postmaster at Podunk it is with the advice and consent of the Senate. A Senator can do a great deal for the people. I want living expenses cut down. Here in Washington little poverty is seen. In New York men are daily standing in line and fighting for a bite of bread. There are hungry human beings in all of our large cities. We spend millions for education and have laws compelling children to attend school, but in Paterson, Newark, Trenton, Hoboken and Jersey City parents are putting their little sons and daughters to work that their earnings may help pay the grocery bills on Saturday night. Oh, there is plenty to do."

"Are you still a working farmer?" I asked.

"I am a farmer, but I am sixty years old and weigh 225 pounds, and, though I feel as well and strong as ever, I can't get up the personal enthusiasm I once had in ploughing, binding wheat and cutting grass. Besides, I have only fifty acres left. So I depend on a tenant."

"When did you become a Democrat?" I asked.

"I was born in the faith, but I early began to reflect upon men, measures and events. I began attending primaries when I was seventeen years old. Sometimes only two of us would be present. We would fix up a ticket, nevertheless, simply to keep the party together and make a demonstration. I have always had convictions, and it is a delight to make them known to the public."